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The Daily, containing the latest telegraphic news, is published every day except Mondays. The Weekly is published on Saturdays.

## TIME TABLES.

## Time of Arrival and Departure of Trains at Reno.

ARRIVES	TRAIN	DEPARTS
8:30 p. m.	No. 1, Eastbound Express	8:45 p. m.
8:30 p. m.	No. 2, Eastbound fast mail	8:45 p. m.
8:30 p. m.	No. 3, Westbound Express	8:45 p. m.
8:30 p. m.	No. 4, Westbound fast mail	8:45 p. m.
9:27 p. m.	VIENNA & CHUCKLE.	
8:30 p. m.	No. 1, Virginia Express	8:45 p. m.
8:30 p. m.	No. 2, San Fran. Express	8:45 p. m.
11:40 a. m.	No. 4, Local Passenger	1:35 p. m.
	X-O-C-Y.	
4:15 p. m.	Express and Freight	8:40 a. m.
	Express and Freight	

## Time of Arrival and Departure of Mails at Reno.

MAIL	ARRIVES	CLOSES
San Francisco, Sacramento and points in California and Oregon	8:45 a. m.	8:00 p. m.
Gedon, all Eastern points	8:45 a. m.	8:00 p. m.
Carson, Virginia and all Southern points	8:45 p. m.	8:00 a. m.
Susanna and all points north	8:45 p. m.	8:00 a. m.

Buffalo Meadows and Sheephead mail arrives every Thursday at 4:35 p. m. and closes every Friday at 8:00 a. m.

& T. locked pouch from Virginia and Carson arrives at 11:45 a. m.; mail for same closes at 1:30 p. m.

## Postoffice Hours:

From 9:00 a. m. to 5 p. m. Sundays from 8 to 10 a. m.

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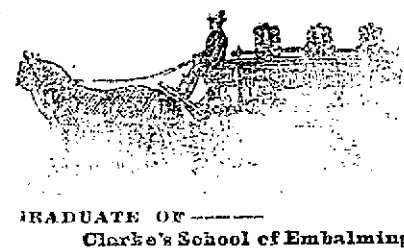
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## STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES

FRUITS and VEGETABLES.

Tamale Supplies a Specialty.

Also HAMS and BACON.

Washoe County Bank build

## THEIR DEADLY FIRE.

## THE AMERICAN RIFLEMEN AT THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

A Description of the Engagement by General Jackson—A Letter From "Old Hickory"—How Pakenham's Veterans Were Defeated by Frontiersmen.

In The Century William Hugh Roberts has an article entitled "Napoleon's Interest In The Battle of New Orleans." In this is quoted a hitherto unpublished letter written by General Jackson to Mr. James Monroe. A portion of the letter follows:

There was a very heavy fog on the river that morning, and the British had formed and were moving before I knew it. "The disposition of the riflemen was very simple. They were told off in Nos. 1 and 2. No. 1 was to fire first, then step back and let No. 2 shoot while he reloaded. About 600 yards from the riflemen there was a great drainage canal running back from the Mississippi river to the swamp in the rear of the tilled land on which we were operating. Along this canal the British formed, under the fire of the few artillery pieces I had near enough to them to get their range. But the instant I saw them I said to Coffee, whom I directed to hurry to his line, which was to be first attacked: "By—, we have got them! They are ours!" Coffee dashed forward, and, riding along his line, called out, "Don't shoot till you can see their belt buckles!" The British were formed in mass, well closed up, and about two companies front.

The British, thus formed, moved on at a quick step, without firing a shot, to within 100 yards of the kneeling riflemen, who were holding their fire till they could see the belt buckles of their enemies. The British advance was executed as though they had been on parade. They marched shoulder to shoulder, with the step of veterans, as they were. At 100 yards distance from our line the order was given: "Extend column front! Double quick, march! Charge!" With bayonets at the charge, they came on us at a run. I own it was an anxious moment. I well knew the charging column was made up of the picked troops of the British army. They had been trained by the duke himself, were commanded by his brother-in-law and had successfully held off the ablest of Napoleon's marshals in the Spanish campaign. My riflemen had never seen such an attack, nor had they ever before fought white men. The morning, too, was damp. Their powder might not burn well. "God help us!" I muttered, watching the rapidly advancing line. Seventy, 60, 50, finally 40 yards, were they from the kneeling riflemen. All of my men that could see were their long rifles rested on the logs before them. They obeyed their orders well. Not a shot was fired until the redcoats were within 40 yards. I heard Coffee's voice as he roared out: "Now, men, aim for the center of the cross belt! Fire!" A second order ran all along our line. The smoke hung so heavily in the misty morning air that I could not see what had happened. I called Tom Overton and Abner Deacon of my staff, and we galloped toward Coffee's line. In a few seconds after the first fire there came another sharp, ringing volley. As I came within 150 yards of Coffee the smoke lifted enough for me to make out what was happening.

The British were falling back in a confused, disorderly mass, and the entire first ranks of their column were blown away. For 200 yards in our front the ground was covered with a mass of writhing, wounded, dead and dying redcoats. By the time the rifles were wiped the British line was reformed, and on it came again. This time they were led by General Pakenham in person, gallantly mounted and riding as though he was on parade. Just before he got within range of Coffee's line I heard a single rifle shot from a group of country carts we had been using, about 175 yards distant, and a moment thereafter I saw Pakenham reel and pitch out of his saddle. I have always believed he fell from the back of a freeman of color who was a famous rifle shot and came from the Atakapas region of Louisiana. The second advance was precisely like the first in its ending. In five volleys the 1,500 or more riflemen killed and wounded 2,117 British soldiers, two-thirds of them killed dead or mortally wounded. I did not know where General Pakenham was lying, or I should have sent to him or gone in person to offer my service in my power to render. He was hit. His wound was directly through the liver and bowels. General Keane, I hear, was killed. They sent a flag to me, asking leave to gather up their wounded and bury their dead, which, of course, I granted. I was told by a wounded officer that the rank and file absolutely refused to make a third charge. "We have no chance with such shooting as these Americans do," they said.

## Hereditary Suicide.

An extraordinary instance of hereditary tendency to suicide was told by Professor Brouardel, in Paris lately. A farmer near Etampes hanged himself without apparent cause, leaving a family of seven sons and four daughters. Ten of the 11 subsequently followed the father's example, but not until they had married and begotten children, all of whom likewise hanged themselves. The only survivor is a son, who is now 64 years of age and has passed safely beyond the family hanging age.

In many parts of Central and South America sensitive plants are so numerous that the course of a man or animal through the undergrowth may for an hour be traced by the wilted appearance of the foliage.

There are 3,027 knots of ocean distance between Cherbourg and Fire Island.

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THE LITTLE GIANT CATHARTIC.

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And all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Of all druggists.

ONCE USED ALWAYS IN FAVOR.

## YOUNG SPIRITS,

a vigorous body and robust strength, follow good health. But all fall when the vital powers are weakened. Nervous debility and loss of vitality power result from bad habits, contracted by the young through ignorance of their ruinous consequences. Low spirits, melancholia, impaired memory, morose or irritable temper, fear of impending calamity and a thousand and one derangements of body and mind, result from such pernicious practices. All these are permanently cured, by improved methods of treatment, without the patient leaving home.

A great medical book of 1000 pages profusely illustrated, written in plain language, treating of the nature, symptoms, and curability of such diseases, sent on receipt of 25 cents in stamps, for postage and wrapping only. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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## JACKS

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IS THE PLACE TO GO.

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Brands, Glen, James, Sherry, Port, Zinfandel, Angelica and Sauterne Wines by the bottle or gallon.  
Martell and Hennessy Cognac, A. R. O. St. Louis Beer, per quart, 20 cents, Napa Soda, Idaho and Colorado Mineral Waters by the bottle, dozen or case.  
Cordials and Bitters of all kinds.

First Class Bar. Free Lunch Daily

READING and CARD ROOMS.

STANDING REWARD OF \$50.

I WILL PAY TO THE PARTY PROCURING a conviction of fifty dollars, upon the conviction of each, or upon the conviction of any of the criminals who have been breaking down my fences.

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## ST. PAUL'S ROCKS.

A Submarine Mountain In the Middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

Almost at the very center of the Atlantic ocean—only a trifle north of the equator and about half way between South America and Africa—is a submarine mountain so high that, in spite of the immense depth of the sea, it thrusts its peak 70 feet above the waves. This peak, startling from its position, forms a labyrinth of islets, the whole not over half a mile in circumference, known as St. Paul's rocks. So steep is the mountain, of which this lonely resting place of sea birds is the summit, that one mile from these rocks a 500 fathom line with which "soundings" were attempted by Ross' on his voyage to the Antarctic failed to touch bottom.

Were the top of the sea to be suddenly elevated to a level with the "dry" land, St. Paul's rocks would be the cloud capped peak of a mountain rising in sheer ascent in the midst of a broad plain. "They are supposed to have been formed by the same disturbances of nature which separated the Cape Verde islands from Africa."

Treacherous currents make navigation in the vicinity of these rocks dangerous. A Brazilian naval officer, who passed them on an English steamer, told me that the evening before they expected to sight them he was told by the captain that at 6 o'clock in the morning they would appear about five miles west. At that hour the officer went on deck and took down the westward—nothing but an expanse of heaving sea. He changed to starboard, and there, five miles to the eastward, were the rocks. The currents had, in less than 12 hours, carried a full powered steamer ten miles out of her course.—Gustav Kobbé in St. Nicholas.

## Manning and the Jesuits.

Edmund S. Porcell, who wrote the biography of Cardinal Manning that was so widely discussed and in some quarters condemned, wrote a paper for The Nineteenth Century entitled "On the Ethics of Suppression in Biography," in which he makes an interesting statement concerning Manning's relations to the Jesuits:

Cardinal Manning could not endure—it was not in his nature—to be looked upon by the Jesuits as an "enemy of vital godliness." They fell under his ban. Metaphorically he "cursed them with bell, book and candle." In a laughing fashion, their retort came quick:

Cardinals may come, cardinals may go, but we go on forever.

Cardinal Manning, as is known of all men, regarded the suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1774 as the work of God's hand. He likewise looked upon its restoration in 1827 as God's work. But his abiding hostility to the Jesuits, based, as he declared, on their corporate action in England and Rome, was testified by the prediction which he uttered on various occasions, "I foresee another 1773."

## His Charge.

Timonius—I have a notion to write one of these Scotch dialect stories, Simmonius—But you don't know anything about Scotch dialect.

Timonius—I know as much about it as the people who buy the stories.—Indianapolis Journal.

## Stunned.

He (telling a hairbreadth adventure)—And in the bright moonlight we could see the dark muzzles of the wolves. She (breathlessly)—Oh, how glad you must have been that they had the muzzles on!—Boston Weekly.

Eleven Times Around the Earth.

Just think of it! "Eleven times around this globe of ours" in the space of 60 seconds! Can you imagine anything that moves with such remarkable speed? Sound travels only 12 1-2 miles per minute, and a rifle ball (if its speed were not diminished by resistance) 16 1-2 miles. Light passes through a distance equal to 7 1-2 revolutions of the earth in one minute, but electricity travels so astonishingly fast that it is able to complete the circuit of the earth 11 1-2 times in 60 seconds.—St. Louis Republic.

## Strangers Now.

"Don't you think, Mrs. Spitzly, that this hat is a little too gay for a matronly woman like me?"  
"Not at all, my dear. You know that you're years younger than you look."—Detroit Free Press.

## Secrets.

"Woman," said the typewriter boarder, "woman is not much taken with secret societies."

"No," said the cheerful idiot, "but how dearly she loves society secrets."—Indianapolis Journal.

## AT THE END OF THE ROAD.

Only as a Last Resort Would He Part With His Treasures.

A bent old man, shabbily clad, with a face like the face of the poet Bryant. In the evening twilight he stands, beside the desk of one who is a stranger to him, in a little town in northern California.

"I ask you to pardon me," in a voice that trembles and is low.

Something confused as to illness and weariness and then:

"It pains me to seem a beggar, but I am near the end of the road, and—"

The sentence dies in inarticulate murmur, and from under the worn coat comes a small bundle wrapped in a bit of faded oilcloth.

"It is hard to part with them, even now," slowly removing the oilcloth, "but if there is some one here who cares for rare editions of good books they may be thought fair exchange for the price of shelter and something warm."

A well-thumbed Shakespeare, a carefully preserved "Imitatio Christi!"

The old man looks at them tenderly as they are exposed to view and places them reverently on the desk.

The man at the desk views the books coldly and denies the plea for aid. Not that he is consciously unkind, but experience with vagabonds has made him suspicious, and he interprets the pathetic as a new imposture.

Next morning, an hour after sunrise, a pedestrian finds an aged man, with a face like that of the poet Bryant, lying in the shelter of a cypress hedge by the roadside. The tired heart is still. Rest must have come about the time the sunshine touched the valley. Beside the sleeper, as though it had fallen from beneath his coat, a well-thumbed Shakespeare, clasped in his gaunt hands a carefully preserved "Kempis." The "Kempis" has a spring of cypress for a bookmark, on one of the pages between which it rests this passage:

"O Father, always to be honored, the hour is come which from all eternity thou didst foresee would arrive; that thy servant for a short time should be oppressed exteriorly, but interiorly should ever live unto thee; that he should be for a little slighted and humbled and should fall in the sight of men."—San Francisco Call.

## GRANT'S NAME.

How He Came to Adopt "U. S." as His Initial.

Up to the start for West Point, Grant had been Hiram Ulysses, or H. Ulysses Grant. The young traveler required a trunk, and Thomas Walker, a local "genius," was the man to make it. He did so, and, to finish it off, he traced on the cover in big brass letters the initials "H. U. G." James Marshall, Ulysses' cousin, went to help him carry the new trunk home. Ulysses looked at the big, glaring letters. "I won't have that so," he said. "It spells 'hug.' The boys would plague me about it." And he thereupon shifted his middle name and became Ulysses H. Grant, and so he went forth into the world.

He registered at Roe's hotel, West Point, on the 29th of May, as "U. H. Grant," and the same day reported to the adjutant, George G. Waggaman, deposited \$48 and signed his name Ulysses Hiram Grant. His name as reported from Washington, however, was U. S. Grant, and the error arose in this way: The Hon. Thomas Hamer received the letter of Jesse Grant only the day before the close of his term, and, being much hurried, sat down at once and wrote to Secretary of War Pinckney, asking for the appointment of his neighbor's son. He knew the boy's name to be Ulysses, and, inferring that his middle name was Simpson, so filled in the application, and thus it stood when Ulysses faced the adjutant.

He asked to have it changed, but was told it was impossible without the consent of the secretary of war.

"Very well," he said. "I came here to enter the military academy, and enter I shall. An initial more or less does not matter." He was known to the government thereafter as U. S. Grant.—Hamlin Garland in McClure's.

## Prince and Peasant.

Prince Christian of Denmark, had he been only a king instead of a prince, would certainly outlive the story of Alfred of old and the cakes. One day he had to review some troops at Bierre, a country town of small dimensions. Riding home, tired and thirsty, he stopped at a farmhouse to beg a drink. The old farmer's wife bade him welcome and enter. As she was at the moment pane cake making, she asked him if he would like some. "Very much, indeed," replied the prince, and soon he was comfortably seated, enjoying his humble fare at the kitchen table.

Having finished his meal, he asked the old dame how much he owed her. "Nothing at all," was the answer. On his persisting that he would prefer paying, she patted his shoulder affectionately, saying: "You are a soldier, my son, and soldiers are always hard up. I never take anything from them." He suggested he was not quite so "hard up" as the generality of them. "Oh, I know better!" and with a knowing wink and a nod she turned to her pane cake making. "It is quite true, good mother," said the prince, laughing heartily, "for, you see, my grandfather happens to be the king." "What?" cried his astonished hostess, dropping her whisk and nearly upsetting the frying pan in her fright. A second or two she gazed at him speechlessly, then remarked, "I should have asked you into the parlor, shouldn't I?"

## Car Searchers.

"There is a class of people," says a railroad man, "who are always last to leave the cars—for a purpose. This is especially noticed on suburban trains. They go from one end of the train to the other, looking in seats on both sides of the car. It is impossible for our men to be always on the watch, and presumably there are many losses that can never be reclaimed."—New York Tribune.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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## STEAM BEER.

ON DRAUGHT OR BY THE KEG

...PARRY BROTHERS..

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When Andrew Johnson was President of the United States he disagreed with the leaders of the party which elected him on the ticket with President Lincoln, and to prevent him from removing officials, who took sides with the radical wing of the Republican party, Congress passed the Tenure of Office Act. This act provided for a tenure of office of four years for all federal officials. The act has not been repealed and it is announced that the present administration has decided to adhere to it. Postmaster General Gurnea gives it out that all postmasters will be retained in office for four years, ex-

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